

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

It was answered by the quavering cry of a hound. Before the children learned the lan-guage of the animals they would have said a Susan. She looked at Aaron with new interhound. Before the children learned the landog was howling somewhere on the plantation, but now they knew that Rambler was

In a few minutes be came running into the cabin, his hair damp with the dew. He looked rather sheepish, as the saying is, and crouched near Aaron as if he expected to be scolded. Once upon a time Rambler had myself. been a black-and-tan, but he was now old, and the gray halrs had well nigh obliterated the tan, and were encroaching on the black. His muzzle was very gray, and his dew claws had grown until they were nearly an inch and a half long. One of his long ears was split a little at the end, the result of a skirmish with old Mr. Raccoon. He kept his eyes averted from Aaron and the children, and seemed to be both humble and uneasy. He was better satisfied with Aaron told him what was wanted. Indeed, he became very lively, and went about the room picking up the scraps of bread the children had dropped on the floor. Aaron went to his little pone cupboard and got out a pone of corn bread that he had saved from the day before. Rambler took the bread in his mouth and then placed it gently on the Gently wagging his tall, he looked

up in Aaron's face.
"Son of Ben Ali," he said, "I am getting old, and what with gnawing bones and kill-ing eats and fighting coons, my teeth are d. This bread is hard." Whereupon Aaron took the bread, crushed

it in his hands, dropped it in an old tin platter, and placed it on the hearth. "This would taste better if it had ham gravy on it," remarked Rambler, after "thanky" with his tail, "yes, a good deal

better, but I'll not be choice."

When he had finished the bread he seated himself near the chimney corner and licked his chops carefully.

You want to know about that trip the Sor of Ben Ali made to sell the cotton. But I don't even know how to begin. My tongue and my mind will be off in the woods hunting minks and 'coons and 'possums. You know how one thing leads to another. Well, if I get started I'll get things upside down, as the rabbit does when he tries to run down hill." "When I started with the cotton," suggested Aaron, "you made up your mind to go

That's so," said Rambler. "I don't know why. I know well enough you weren't going hunting. It was just a notion that seized me. I trotted along, sometimes in front of the wagon and sometimes behind it. Before we had gone very far I happened to be in front of the wagon when a rabbit ran across the road. I dashed after it and bumped my head against a fence rail. It hurt so that I sat down by the roadside and waited for the pain to go away. The wagon went by and I con-cluded to go back home and go to bed in the shuckpen. I started back, but before I had gone far, I heard the clicking of bridle reins and hits, and presently I saw two men on

"I stopped until they passed by. And ther I saw that it was Old Grizzly and the over "Old Grizzly!" cried Buster John. "Who That was the name the negroes had for

Gossett," Aaron explained.
'Old Grizzly and the overseer," Rambler continued, paying no attention to the inter-ruption. "They were riding along after the wagon, but at some distance behind it. I says to myself, well, well! something is up. So, instead of going back home, I turned around and trotted along the road till I pass Old Grizzly and the overseer, and caught up and run him down. I had up with the wagon. I said to the Son of

down and fix one of your wagon wheels and see who comes behind you.

"This he did, but when Old Grizzly and ing on one of the wagon wheels with a rock they stopped, and came no further until after he drove on again. Then I knew, and the Son of Ben Ali knew, that Old Grizzly and the overseer were coming to see that

orders were obeyed. The house to which the Son of Ben Ali was carrying the cotton was not far. was in the midst of a big greve of oak trees. The trees were too big for the house, or the house was not fine enough for the trees, for they made everything so dark that from road those who cannot see in the night "The Son of Ben Ali drove the wagon under the trees, waited until he could hear the clinking of bridles and bits, as Old Grizzly and the overseer rode up, and slipped around the house and went to the back door. I waited until I saw Old Grizzly and the overseer stop under one of the big

oaks and then I followed.
"The Son of Ben Ali knocked at the back door, which was soon opened by a negro woman, who asked him what he wanted. He told her, and then the man came to

What do you want' said the Son of Ben All. 'I want to sell you a bale of cotton.'
"'Who is your master?' the man asked.
"'Mr. Gossett,' the Son of Ben All an-

swered. "'What is your name?'

"'They call me Aaron.'
"'You are the boy he bought not long

" 'Wait a moment.' The man went into another room and when he appeared again he had a shotgun in his hands. My hide is y thick, and so I went under the The man seemed to be mad. The Son of Ben Ali had some such idea, for he

'What are you going to do with the gun,

'Get the truth out of you." "'A dead man will neither lie nor tell the truth,' said the Son of Ben Ali. His voice sounded as if he might be laughing, but I

was under the steps and couldn't see.
"'Is the cotton yours?' the man asked,
"'It is Mr. Cossett's."

Why do you bring it here tonight?" 'I had my orders.'

"'Oh, if I had the viscoried the man in a rage.
"'If you talk foud he'll hear you,' said

he whispered. Then he slipped around the corner of the house. Suddenly I heard the

gun go off, and it scared me so I couldn't help but cry out. Some one else yelled, too— some one under the oaks in front, and then I heard the snorting and stamping of horses. The Son of Ben Ali stole off in the dark before the man returned, and I followed him. knowing what had happened or what might happen But I soon found out, and it was not as

bad as it might have been. The shot the man fired had shattered one of the overseer's arms. He was not hurt so badly but he arms. He was not hurt so badly but he could ride his horse, and he and Old Grizzly hurried home as fast as they could.
"After a while the Son of Ben Ali fol-

lowed, but, instead of riding in the wagen he walked by the side of it, and I went ahead to see that the way was clear. The Son

abead to see that the way was clear. The Son of Ben All knew that there was trouble in afore for him, and he didn't want Old Grizzly to get hold of him."

"I' don't see why." said Buster John.

"Why. Old Grizzly didn't know but the Son of Ben Ali had gone to the man's house and told him about the whole business. There was nobody else to tell the man, and if he know that Old Grizzly and the overseer ware. knew that Old Grizzly and the overseer were waiting in the grove, of course he must have got the news from the Son of Ben Ali. But t happened that the overseer was so badly scared about his wounded arm that Old Grizzly had to go home and sit up with him, and this left the way clear for the Son of Hen. All to take the mule and wagon and cotton where they belonged. He drove the wagon

under the gin shelter, unharnessed the mule Again Aaron gave the halloo, and this time and fed it, and then went to his hut and I

woods.

est. She had often heard of runaways, but she had never seen one.

"Yes, he was a runaway," Rambler answered, "and it was a long time before he was anything else. I didn't bother my head about the Son of Ben All when he went to the woods, for I knew he was just as much at home there as I was. I stayed behind to see what would happen, and by staying I soon found out that I had made some trouble for

'It was very curlous, too, when you come to think about it. Old Grizzly behaved with to much meanness toward his negroes, half feeding and clothing them, and working them long after dark, that some of them were in the woods most of the time. old Grizzly's son, George, was very fond of fox hunting, and some of his friends sent me to him when I was quite young. My whole family has a great name for running foxes, so it is said, and Old Grizzly's George wanted me to hunt foxes for him along with the other dogs. I didn't need any teaching in that business, for the minute I

bler, "and it may be, but I'll not laugh until I see y u with a hot spark in your ear." He settled himself again and resumed his but this time he kept one eye on the pine knot.

RUN THROUGH THE WOODS. "As I was saying," Rambler went on, "the and, although I passed it over, one of the other dogs had a hint of it and whimpered over it. This dog afterward made a very good track dog. He had what they call a cold nose, and he was hard-headed enough to hang on. But at that time he was young and foolish, and new to the business. He had no mind of his own. So I went back to the trail, picked up the scent, and went

along with it slowly, as if it were a tedious What I wanted to do was to follow it until it crossed some other 'rail, and then pick up the new one and carry Old Grizzly away 'rom the Son of Ben Ali. But it was impossible. No one had passed, and so we ran on after the Son of Ben Ali. "The next best thing to finding some other track, I thought, was to get out of sight of Old Grizzly. I let myself out a little, the



WE CAME UPON A YOUNG MAN AND A YOUNG LADY.

"One day when I was very young I was playing at hunting with the little negroes, just to pass the time away. One would hold me and another would go far out of sight and hide. I had to use my nose to find him, and I soon came to enjoy the fun. Once Old Grizzly himself saw us playing, and he seemed to be very much pleased with the way followed the trail of the little negros He took part in it himself, holding me while one of the children ran through the pasthe gin screw back to the house. He did this many times, and seemd to be very much pleased with me. After a while, when I grew older, he made some of the large negroes run, but I never failed to find and bay them. I soon found out why Old Grizzly was so well pleased. One morning one of the ne-groes was missing. He had run away some time during the night, having been prom-used a strapping for the next morning. Old Grizzly called me, and we went to the negro's blanket and such of his belongings as he blanket and such of his belongings as he had failed to take with him. I knew at once what Old Grizzly wanted me to do, and I was hunting for it that I would remain was more than willing to do it for the newro was more than willing to do it, for the negro kicks than scraps. I settled down to bus ees at once. I ran from the hut, and cir oled around it. The scent was as plain t me as a track in the mud is to you. I followed it with no trouble at all, and Old Griz zly, having his horse ready, went along with me, keeping as close to me as he could. In an hour we had overtaken the negro, and Old Grizzly carried him back, making him

walk before the horse all the way home. "After that I had to look out for myself The negroes treated me worse than ever were ready to kill me at any and I had to keep out of their way. made it worse for the negroes. None of them could escape old Grizzly by going to the woods. I had help, too, for some of the other hounds, seeing me made much of by the master and the overseer, joined me in my expeditions, and in a short while Old Grizzly had a pack of 'nigger dogs,' as he

called us, that seemed to fill him with pride.
"This was going on when the Son of Ben All came—when he came and touched me and gave me the sign. And then I knew more than I had known before. After he came he was the first to go into the woods as I have told you, and the next morning my

"Old Grizzly was very mad when at day Old Grizzly was very mad when at day-light he sent for the Son of Ben Ali and found him gone. I slept under the house in a corner of the chimney stack, and I heard Old Grizzly when he came in from the overseer's house. He bawled at the cook for not having breakfast ready, though it was not time, and then he came out, rip ping and roaring, and sent the house boy for the Son of Ben Ali. But the Son of Ben Ali was not to be found. This made matters worse. Old Grizzly called up my companions and myself, gave us a few bites of stale bread, had his horse saddled, and then carried us to the hut where the Son of Ben Ali had

I ought to have known before, but it had never occurred to me. We were to run the Son of Ben Ali down, so that Old Grizzly could capture him. This didn't suit me at all, but I had to go. There was no way to get out of it."

"Oh, I don't see why," cried Sweet Su-

"Me nuther," Drusilia chimed in.
"It is simple enough," said Rambler, placing himself in a more comfortable position-he had been sitting on his haunches. "The he had been sitting on his naunches. The other dogs would have gone, whether I went or not. So I pretended I was very glad to go. I circled around the house, and ran over the scent twice, so as to see what the other dogs would do. They ran over it, too, but I knew that one of them had a faint hist of it.

He went back to it, and then-"Here a spark from the pine knot that made a light in the cabin flew out near Ram-bler's head, and suddenly burst into a shower of smaller sparks. Rambler douged and jumped out of the way so quickly that the children laughed.

smelled a fox, no matter at what hour of other dogs did the same, and in a few mo then I did something I had never done before and that was to try to catch a rabbit when was hunting a different kind of game. While we were going along, full tilt, a big fat rabbit jumped up right under my nose I dashed after it as hard as I could go, an

the other dogs came tumbling after. so close to the rabbit that it turned before going into the swamp. I made it turn again, and it ran into the mouth of one of my had quite a fight over the rabbit, tearing i to pieces in short order. I was hungry myself, and nothing would have pleased me better than to rush in and take the rabbit away from my companions. But I didn'

have time. "While the others were snapping and snatling I slipped into the swamp, across it, and made a circle of a mile or more, and tried to pick up the scent again across it. where I thought it ought to be. not there. I knew then that the Son o Ben Ali had wandered about, not know ing or caring where he went so long as he kept out of the way of Old Grizzly. I made another circle, and this time I picked up the so suddenly and unexpectedly, and it was so warm and fresh that I cried out at the

top of my voice. It was foolish, but such is habit. My companions heard it, and they come to me without delay. I knew they were coming, and the best I could do was to discover quickly which way the scent led, and then take the back track, trusting to the duliness of my companions to mis lead them. By the time they came up was tripping along toward the cold end of the trail as noisily as if the Son of Ben Ali were in plain view. The others, not to be outdone, joined in the cry, and bolting along the back track. In In this way we came up with Old Grizzly, who seemed to be much astonished to see us running head

long in the way he had just come. "The scent grew fainter and fainter, and everything would have gone well but for one of my companions, the one that dis-covered the scent at the beginning of the hunt. When the scent grew colder he began to circle around for himself, and about a half a mile away he picked it up with such a howl and a flourish that I ran to him. It was so warm that I looked up, expecting to see the Son of Ben Ali trotting quarter of a mile away. But it was not o. He was not in sight.

so. He was not in sight.

"I joined in and took the lead, saying to myself that when we got into the woods I'd show my spotted companion a new wrinkle in trailing. When we came to the bushes I dropped back a little, seized my companion by the neck, and dragged him around and shook him up in a way that surprised him and the others.

"What's that for?" he cried. 'You're too spotted,' I replied. This quieted them down, but it was too late to carry out my new

but it was too late to carry out my new plans. The scent had been growing warmer and warmer, and I took it up again as a matter of duty, and the others followed in a more sober manner. We went through the woods at a pretty good pace, and I expected to see the Son of Ben All limping along ahead of us, ready to drop, for we had now come several miles in doubling and twisting and turning.

"But instead of seeing the Son of Ben Al we saw something that was more surprising. We came upon a young man and a young lady. The young man had been hunting, for he had a gun, and the young lady had been gathering wild flowers, for a negro girl with her had a basketful." "I know! I know!" cried Drusilla. "Dat

nigger 'oman wuz my mammy. I been hear 'er tell dat many an' many's de time. Yes, suh! dat wuz my mammy! An' dat ain't all. Dat ar white man an' dat ar white 'oman wuz you all's pa an' ma."

there because they know I can reach them neither with my teeth nor with my hind

Aaron performed this service willingly, and the scraping seemed to tickle Rambler so that he raised one of his hind feet from the ground and made believe to be scratching himself, but his foot was simply moving up and down in the air. At this the children

laughed very heartily. the young man and the young lady there was a great flurry, . The negro girl screamed, and the young lady rushed into the arms of the young man for protection. My companions and I ran around and circled, but all trace of the Son of Ben All had disappeared.

"I found the warm scent of a horse, but there was no horse to be seen. I thought this very strange, so I followed it a few hundred yards, but said nothing to my companions about it. The scent led out of the woods, through a field in which the brown sedge grew high, and, in going through this, I caught the scent of the Son of Ben All. It was high on the sedge, and I knew by this that the horse bad the Son of Ben All for a that the horse had the Son of Ben Ali for a rider. But I said nothing to my companions. I turned away from the horse's trail, and continued to go in a circle, until, coming to the point where the young man had entered the woods, I made some fuss over it, and this drew my companions away from the sedge field. They came to me, but I told them it was a mistake, and in this way cooled them off, so that they were no longer as keen to find the trail of the Son of Ben All as they had been.

"I have told pretty much all I know about "continued Rambler, dodging another spark. "It happened that the young man who was out there in the woods with the young lady was the man to whom Old bale of cotton. "Was it really papa and mamma?" asked

Buster John, turning to Aaron. Asron laughed and nodded his head. "Well, they've never told me anything bout it," said Sweetest Susan, in an in

"Nor me either," remarked Buster John. "Huh!" exclaimed Druisilla, "folks don't hafter tell dey chilluns all dey know."

Just then a loud but mellow voice out side cried out: "Drusilla! You Drusilla! You'd better answer me gal! I boun' I'll make you talk when I git holt er you!" Drusilia put her head outside the door and yelled out: "Ma'am!"

"Come 'ere, dis minnit, madam! is you?"
"At Unk A'on's house, mammy!"

"Tell her Uncle Aaron says he wants to see her," said Buster John. This Drusilla did, and presently Drusilla's mother was heard coming along the path, breathing dire vengeance against Drusilla, and won-dering what in the world Aaron wanted.

dering what in the world Aaron wanted.

"Is that you, Jemimy?" asked Aaron.
Come in—don't be scared."

Jemimy came in laughing, and her smile was in queer contrast to the threats she had just made against her daughter.

"What you all doin' here?" she said, seeing the white children. "Unk Aaron is sho got mo' time fer ter fool wid you dan what I got. An' dar's dat ol' dog settin' up dar big ez anybody. What you want, honey?" turning to Buster John. "Talk quick. I ain't got no time fer th'ow way. I got ter go up yonder (indicating the big. I got ter go up yonder (indicating the highouse) and set my mornin's bread ter rise."
Then she turned to Aaron. "Did you call me sho' num, er? is deze yer chillun des rurnin' on wid der foolishness?"

Aaron nodded, his head and brought out a stool for himself, giving Jemimy the chair in which he had been sitting.

a stool for himself, giving Jemimy the chair in which he had been sitting.

"I 'clar'. I sint got no time for ter be settin' down there gwine on wid deze chillun. Time yo' Unk A'on know much 'bout you ez what I does he won't be settin' down here worryin' 'long wid you."

Jemimy said this, laughing in an embarrassed way. She stood in awe of Aaron, but she sat down. "What you grinin' at, I like ter know?" she cried, turning suddenly on Drusilla, to hide her own confusion. "What

Drusilla, to hide her own confusion. "Whar Aaron shook his head and Drusilla made no reply. "Aunt Mimy," said Buster John, "we want.

you to tell us about the time you went into the woods with mamma—when Uncle Aaron was a runaway, and when Mr. Gossett was running him with dogs." Jemimy laughed, and then she looked sethen at Aaron. At last her eye fell on Ram-bler, who had crossed the hearth and was

sitting between Aaron and the chimney jamb. "Ef I ain't mighty much mistaken," said emimy, "dat ar very dog dar is one er de dogs what wuz runnin' after you." Aaron nodded his head. "He gittin' ol', mon. Why dat ar dog ain't fur from twenty year ol'.'
Jemimy paused, but nobody said anything. Finally she went on:

live ter be older dan ol' man Methuslem. speck I wuz 'bout 14 year ol', an' Miss Rachel, she wuz 'bout 18 or 19—some'rs 'long in dar. Soon one mornin' she sont me ter tell ol' Unk Aberham fer ter saddle de pacin' filly. She low she gwineter go in de woods atter some wil' flowers, an' says she want me ter go along wider. So dey done saddle de filly, en put Miss Rachel on 'er, an' tuck me on behine 'er, bein's er de filly done been trained to tote double I had er basket on my arm, an' dat ar basket sholy did worry dat hoss. She danced an' she pranced, an' twuz e'en 'bout all I could do ter set up dar, her back wuz so slick. basket, an' atter dat I ax Miss Rachel w'ar she gwine. She say she gwine atter some wil' flowers. I ax her wharbouts. I 'low'd dev wuz plenty right whar we was at

up'n say dey want 'nuff ter suit her. We rid on an' rid on, an' bimeby I say, 'Miss Rache, you know you ain't gwine atter no flowers.' She ax me wharbouts she gwine den. I say, 'You er gwine over yon'er in de

Here Jemimy straightened herself up and looked at Aaron curiously.
"I 'clare ter gracious, I ought'nt ter be tellin' dis 'fo' dese yer chillun,' 'che said.

Anon made no reply, one way or another,
but seemed to be surprised, and the children protested loudly.

"You'll run right straight an' tell Miss Rachel" exclaimed Jemimy, as indignantly as if the children had already told their "Why, mamma knows it already-if it"

true," said Buster John scornfully.
"She'd run me off'n de place ef she know'd I wuz runnin' on 'bout ol' right here 'fo' you all. La! niggers is fools, mo' spechually when dey er wimmen folks." "I reckon she's about right," said Rambler, yawning and stretching himself.

"What kinder cu'us fuss is dat dog mak in'?" asked Jemimy, seeing Aaron and the children laughing. "I ain't never see no dog make fuss like that. You all better watch dat dog. He so cl', dey ain't no tellin' when he'll go ravin'."

"You told mamma she was going to the big woods," said Buster John, by way of a reminder.
"She wa'n't vot ma den?" remarked

You er gwine over you'er in de big She at me what she gwine over dar fer. I sayor You'er gwine dar kaze you speck you'll strike up wid dat ar Dave Henry Wyche. Man, suh! She blush up twel i look like you kin see plum thoo her ears, der look like you kin see plum thoo her ears, dey got so red. After while she axed me who tol' me dat, an' i zay, 'How cum my eyeballs ain't big mult fer me ter tell myself?' "We rid 'long, an' rid 'long, an' den bimeby she low dat Mr. Wyche des ez good ez anybody elhe' ef he ain't got ez much prop'ty ez sonie er de res'. I say, 'I ain't 'sputin' dat, but how cum you call 'im Mr. Wyche now, when you been callin' im Dave Henry ever since he toted you' school bucket when you, wa'nt knee high to a goslin'?" Den she say it's kase dey done got older dan when 'esy useter wuz.

older dan when hey useter wuz. older dan when "fey useter wuz.

"We rid on, ao' rid on, an' bimeby we come ter whar de b'g poplar grows dar in de woods. Right dar she w'o'd de filly, an' tol' me ter jump down, kase right dar whar she gwinc ter git some wil' flowers. I hilt de hoss, I did, an' she lipt down same ez a bird off'n de bush, an' den she tuk de basket an' went sa'nterin' 'roun'.

"I' low. 'Ef you gwine ter git any flowers right roun' here, you'll hafter dig in

Dat ar white man an' dat ar white 'oman wuz you all's pa an' ma."

Buster John and Sweetest Susan looked at Aaron for confirmation or denial.

"That's so." Aaron said.

"Mammy say dey wuz courtin'," explained Drusilia.

Buster John seemed to be somewhat embarrassed at this information, but Sweetest Susan appeared to relish it. On the other hand, Rambler went to Aaron and said:

"Son of Ben Ali, it would please me much for you would scrape your shee just behind my shoulders. A colony of fleas has settled my shoulders. A colony of fleas has settled my shoulders. A colony of fleas has settled at the street of the street of the seemed to groun' atter 'em. 'an she say I better de groun' atter 'em. 'an she say I better de groun' atter 'em. 'an she say I better by 'tendin' ter my business, an' hol' dat ar filly so she won't break loose an' run away. Well, dat sorter brung me 'roun', kase I skeer'de rhosses anyhow, but I bilt on ter de bridle reins, an' I kep' one eye on Miss Rachel, an' de odder one on de filly. Miss Rachel, an' de woods, sorter hummin' one er dem ar ol' time chunes, an' I foller'd 'long atter de bes' way I could, kase I skeer'd dat ar filly gwine ter walk in groun' atter walk in the say I better by 'tendin' ter my business, an' hol' dat ar filly an ary in a way. Well, dat sorter brung me 'roun', kase I skeerde or hosses anyhow, but I bilt on ter de bridle reins, an' I kep' one eye on Miss Rachel, an' de dor one on de filly. Miss Rachel, she went on thoo' de woods, sorter hummin' one er dem ar ol' time chunes, an' I foller'd 'long atter de bes' way I could, kase I skeer'd dat ar filly gwine ter walk up behine me an' tromple me. Bimeby, I see somebody gwine 'long thoo' de woods to complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: Rebiscopal church for 50 years or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this ideal Cough regarded to the woods of the metho "I 'low. 'Ef you gwine ter git any flowers right roun' here, you'il hafter dig in
de groun' atter 'em, 'an she say I better
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wid a gun. I took right good, an' den I know'd 'twuz Marse Dave Henry Wyche.
"Well, suh! you dunner how quare folks is. Miss Rachel, she seed 'im mos' time I did, an' den she stopped and fetched a little squall, des like she didn't know all de time he wuz gwine ter be dar; an' den Marse Dave Henry, he stopped like he wuz 'stoutshed, an' tuk off his hat like he ain't seed Miss Rachel in a mont'er Sundays. Den Chicago widow. eed Miss Rachel in a mont'er Sundays. Den dey shuck han's an' stood dar an' talked an' talked. I dunner what dey say, but one time Marse Dave Henry would laugh an' look down at his foots, an' den Miss Rachel she'd snicker an' blush. Dey wuz gwine on dat way when I feel de filly pullin' on de reins, an' den when I look at 'er she had har ears sot forrered, like she wuz lis'nin'

and somebody come chargin' 'long hard ez he lin come.
"Dis make de filly jerk back an' r'ar, but I swung onter de bridle rein, an' holler w'oa, an' den bimeby she w'oad. Well, suh, dat ar somebody chargin' 'long wuz yo' Unk A'on dar. De dogs wuz a galnin' on 'im ove'y jump. He seed Miss Rachel an' Marse you!' Miss Rachel riz on her tiptoes, stretch out her han' an' say, 'Take dat filly dar an' ride her home fer me!' She looked lots bigger dan what Marse Dave Henry did. I tell you now, when you git de Aber-

at sump'n. Den I hear houn's a-bayin' an' des 'bout dat time I here de bushes shakin'

blood stirred up you better go off om'rs twel it cool off. "Well, Unk A'on dar, he fetched a jump er two an' jerked de reins out'n my han', ar ipt on de filly's back-behine de side saddie, now, mind you-an' hit her wid his heels a time er two, an' wuz done gone 'fo I could git up off'n de groun' whar I fell at. Den Maree Dave Henry flung his gun 'cross his put some fresh caps on it, an'

dar he hilt it. "Bimeby, here come de dogs. Dey sailed 'roun', an' sailed 'roun', but dey couldn't go no fudder. Den here come dat ol' Mr. Gon-sett. I hope he'll go ter heaven, but I never shill b'lieve it twel I see 'im dar. He come a-follerin' long atter de dogs. He rid up an' tuck off his hat when he see Miss Rachel. But na'er one un um do like dey know he's livin'. Miss Rachel she look at Marse Dave Henry, an' Marse Dave Henry he look right straight at ol' Mr. Gossett. He sot dar on his hoss an' look at um, thump de pummel er his saddle like studyin' 'bout sump'n 'way off yon'er-an he tellin' um good-by, an' den he rid up by me. He say, 'Gal, is you seed any nigger man runnin' 'long by here?' I look at Miss Rachel, an' she drapt her eyeleds. I say, 'Yasser.' He say, 'Which way wuz he 'Yasser.' He say, 'Which way wuz he gwine?' I look at Miss Rachel, an' she throw her eyes over ter de lef', an' I pint dat way an' 'low, 'cross yon'er.' He dar, dat ar white man did, an' look at n' thump de pummel er his saddle, en den he broke out in a big laugh an' rid on. I tell you now, ol' Nick wasn't no sharper

dan dat ar white man.
"Marse Dave Henry made a motion like he wuz gwine ter foller on atter ol' Mr. Gossett, but Miss Rachel she laid her han' on his arm, an' den we all walked back home. De las' word I say ter Miss Rachelan' she tell you so herse'f-wuz, 'I tol' yo you wan't huntin' no flowers, an' she 'low, 'How kin anybody hunt flowers when de woods wuz full er runaway niggers an' dogs?' an' I say, 'You ain't call de name er all what de woods wuz full uv,' an' she 'low ef don't hush up she'll be mad wid me all de balance er de week, an' den I hushed up, Jemimy paused, looked all around and then turned to the children:

"Don't you dast ter tell yo' ma dat I beer gwine on wid all dish yer ol' time foolish ness, kase ef you do she'll take me out'n de kitchen an' sen' me ter der cotton patch, an' I'm doin' mighty well whar I is."

Then, after telling Drusilla not to be sitting up all night, she went out. (To be Continued.)

THE BLESSING OF CHILDREN. Household Words.

Dainty butterflies in human form they flutty buttermies in numan form they ter round and by: Trifles light as air delight them Such a little can affright them, lone they smooth the tangles life's threads have gone awry.

There's a magic in their clinging hands no sorrow can deny;
In the nameless baby graces
Of the winsome little faces
Turning up to ours confidingly as daisies to the sky.

They are sunbeams on the water when life's cup is brimming high;
And the mourning heart rejoices
At the sound of baby voices.
Even Eve forgets her travail when she hears the first small cry. The Ideal Panaces

Aaron Herchfield, the Montana millionaire, whose effort to secure a divorce from his wife was one of the most sensational in Dakota's divorce history, was married in St. Paul last week to Mrs. Marie Cluxton, a

The marriage of Miss Angelica Hamilton Lawrence to Mr. Francis Philip Nash, jr., son of Prof. Nash of Hobart college, and grandson of Bishop Cleveland Coxe, was very quietly celebrated at the bride's home New York City on Tuesday last, The engagement of Cornelius Vanderbilt

r., and Miss Grace Wilson appears to be a act. The young man has written from Paris a friend that he would soon be on his way Egypt with his fiancee and her parents and that he had announced the engagement. Miss Wilson is a good-looking young woman of the blond type. She is 30 years old and nine years the senior of young Vanderbilt. Frank A. Lombard of Brooklyn, a real state agent and the son of a wealthy widow. advertised himself as an eligible young man and received 638 letters from women who wanted to marry. He apparently accepted the proposals of thirty-nine, and finally

half a dozen of the other thirty-eight up claimed women are after him. Mrs. Ida Louise Dignan of Blooklyn, N. Y. has brought suft against her husband, Mat thew, and his daughter, Annie, for the recov-ery of \$150,000 of property. She claims to have married Dignan because she "considered the amount of property owned by said Matthew Dignan, and the value thereof," and so accepted him. On the eve of the wed-ding day Dignan transferred to his daughter Annie, "for \$1 and other valuable considerations," his entire property. The wife wants the property back on the claim of prior dower rights.

Years ago H. C. Heiley of Algiers, La lived at Bryantsburg, Ind., and David Kide worked for him. Kidd had two baby daugh-ters, Minnie and Nellie. Helley always inters, Minnie and Nellie. Helley always insisted Minnie should be bis wife when grown
up. The Kidd family moved away and
Heiley lost track of them, went to Algiers,
and became wealthy. Recently he bunted
them up, proposed to his baby sweetheart
and was rejected. Just as he was leaving the Kidd homestead, Sister Nellie appeared, Mr. Heiley proposed, was accepted, and mar-

riage followed in short order. The supreme court of New York has had a matrimonial tangle to unravel. Georgiana E. Begelspecker claimed that Mr. Begelspecker married her in 1894. The other woman in the case swore the man had married her twenty years ago and was now living with her. Wife No. 1 said that in July, 1894, her husband took a short vacation. She later learned that during his search after rest and health he had married the fair complainant. He said he had only married the other woman "just for fun," and she took him back. The other woman swore she had enjoyed the first wife's husband's society just about six weeks. She asked for the annulment of the marriage. Her request will be granted.

From rural Texas comes a leap year episode that shows how great are the pre-rogatives of the fair sex if they have but the courage to exercise them. This par-ticular maiden is not forlors, but in the heyday of youth, and good to look upon. She is rich in her own right, and has a long train of admirers, but the one among them all that had the power to set her heart fluttering and to whom her fancy paid tribute even when he was absent never pressed his suit. He belongs to that innumerable army of poor but honest, and his pride withheld the words that the Texas belle was so anxious to hear. The other costume and a smile that exactly hed. She told him with blushing canmatched. She told him with blushing candor that he was old enough and sensible
enough to be getting married. She had a
young lady in mind that would make him
a capital wife, and if suthorized by him
she would volunteer to carry on negotiations. This made the young man mad, and
took him entirely out of himself. He
served notice in very icy terms that he did
not require the services of any one in connot require the services of any one is ducting his affairs of the heart, and it was particularly exasperating to have the only woman he ever did love or ever could love come to intercede for some one else, settled it. The trap had caught the she was after, and they are going to have the most recherche wedding ever held in that congressional district.

The Apple and the Purse. In Rochester the other evening, says the

Rochester Union, a woman got on a street car, carrying an apple and her purse in her hand. She sat down next to a young man and as she supposed, put her purse and the apple in the side pocket of her sack. The young man got out at Union street and the car went on. A passenger happening to look out of the rear window saw him rushlook out of the rear window saw him rushing after the car, wildly calling for it to stop. Fnally, the bell was rung and the young man caught up and got on. Going to the woman who had sat beside him he said: "Madam, here are your apple and purse. You put them in my pocket by mistake." Everybody in the car laughed but the woman. She looked angry and did not even thank the young man who had gone to so much trouble to return her property. If he had not returned the articles she would have been certain that he had picked her pocket.

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A funeral street car is being constructed at St. Louis. It has a sort of buffet for the corpse and room for sixty mourners and friends, and is intended to cheapen by one-